



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## SELECT POETRY.

## THE WORM OF THE STILL.

I HAVE found what the learn'd seem so puzzled to tell,

The *true* shape of the devil, and where is his hell;  
Intoserpents of old, crept the author of ill,  
But Satan works now, as a worm of the *still*.

Of all his migrations, this last he likes best,  
How the arrogant reptile, here, raises his crest!  
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,  
Till the worm stands erect o'er the *prostrated* man.

Here he joys to transform, by his magical spell,  
The sweet milk of the earth to an essence of hell,  
Fermented our food and corrupted our grain,  
To famish the stomach and madden the brain.

By his water of life, what distraction and fear!  
By the gloom of its light, what pale spectres appear!  
A demon keeps time with his fiddle finance,  
While the passions spring forth in a horrible dance.

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,  
A man's baser half, rais'd in room of his bust;  
Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,  
But how black with ennui, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and with drams must it end,  
A dram is his country, his mistress, his friend;  
Till the ossify'd heart hates itself at the last,  
And the dram nerves his hand for the death-doing blast.

Mark that mother, that monster, that shame and that curse,  
See her child hang dead-drunk at the breast of its nurse;  
As it drops from the arm mark her stupify'd stare,  
Then she wakes with a yell and a shriek of despair.

Is this the *civility* promis'd our nation?  
This the *union*, dissolv'd in a cup of *damnation*,  
Which our chancellor Comus extols as divine,  
To train up our fate and our fortune, as swine,

Drink, Erin, drink deep from this *crystalline* round,  
Till the tortures of self-recollection be drown'd;  
Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone,  
Then sit down on the dirt, like a queen on her throne.

No frenzy for freedom to flash o'er the brain,  
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain,  
A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich to thine eye,  
And peace and good order shall reign in the sty,

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,  
To stain thy pure surface of emerald green,  
For the serpent will never want poison to kill,  
While the fat of thy fields feeds the *Worm of the still*.  
X.

## VERSES ON SIR J. MOORE.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER INTELLIGENCE HAD ARRIVED OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MARCH FROM LISBON.

UNCHECK'D by regards of duration  
and distance,  
How sweet on the missions of fancy to stray!

To leave the dull confines of local existence,

And wanton, and bask in the glitter of day!

But hence ye pale visions of sickly invention,

A scene not unreal my senses enchains:  
Now Spain, all in arms, rears the flag of contention,

And Europe's last battle is fought on her plains.

In quest of the fight, march her high-soul'd defenders,

Their phalanx how dense, how unshaken their tread!

The foe his vain ensigns of empire surrenders,

Fear chases his hosts, and his satraps are fled;

The Gaul calls new hordes from the wide circling regions,

Dark clouds of stern menace the prospect obscure;

Enraptur'd I mark the advance of the legions,

Which Britain, undoubting, confides to her MOORE.

Thro' deserts, o'er mountains, 'cross floods and morasses,

The hero explores his inflexible way,  
Slow famine, insidious, strews snares where he passes,

And fronting his progress stands war in array.

Ah! were the fond breathings of friendship availing,

Ripe harvests, lov'd chieftain! should start from the sod;

Wide floods roll confined beneath arches unfailing,

And war, like a slave, be controul'd by thy nod.

Fit theme for bright ode, or grave legend preparing,

Go measure thy worth 'gainst the minions of fame;

Intrepidly cautious, and skilfully daring,

Change defeat to success, and mould triumph from shame;

Pursue thy high fates, and serenely ambitious,

The rank which thy merits award thee assume,

A CHURCHILL, of laurels alone avaricious!  
A NELSON, unstamped by the seal of the tomb!